

480 SESTINE,
PARTHENOPHIL [?

HECATE ! make signs, if She with love come
kindled ! Think on my Passions! HECATE
! and my tears! This Rosemarine (whose
branch She chiefly bare, And lov'd best)
I cut, both bark and wood s Broke with
this brazen axe, and, in love's furies, I
tread on it, rejoicing in this night.

And saying, " Let her feel such wounds this
night!" About this altar* and rich incense
kindled, This lace and vervine (to love's
bitter furies !) I bind, and strew; and,
with sad sighs and tears. About, I bear
her Image, raging wood. Hence, goat!
and bring her from her bedding bare 1

HECATE ! reveal if She like Passions bare!
I knit three true-lovers-knots (this is
Love's night!) Of three discoloured silks,
to make her wood; But She scorns
VENUS, till her loves be kindled, And till
She find the grief of sighs and tears. "
Sweet Queen of Loves ! For mine
unpitied furies*

Alike torment her, with such scalding fires!
And this Turtle, when the loss she bare
Of her dear Make, in her kind, did shed
tears And mourning ; did seek him, all
day and nights Let such lament in her,
for me be kindled ! And mourn she still!
till she run raging wood

Hence, goat! and bring her to me raging
wood! These letters, and these verses to
the Furies, Which She did write, all in
this flame be kindled* Me, with these
papers, in Vain hope She bare, That She,
to day would turn mine hopeless night*
These, as I rent and burn, so fury tears.